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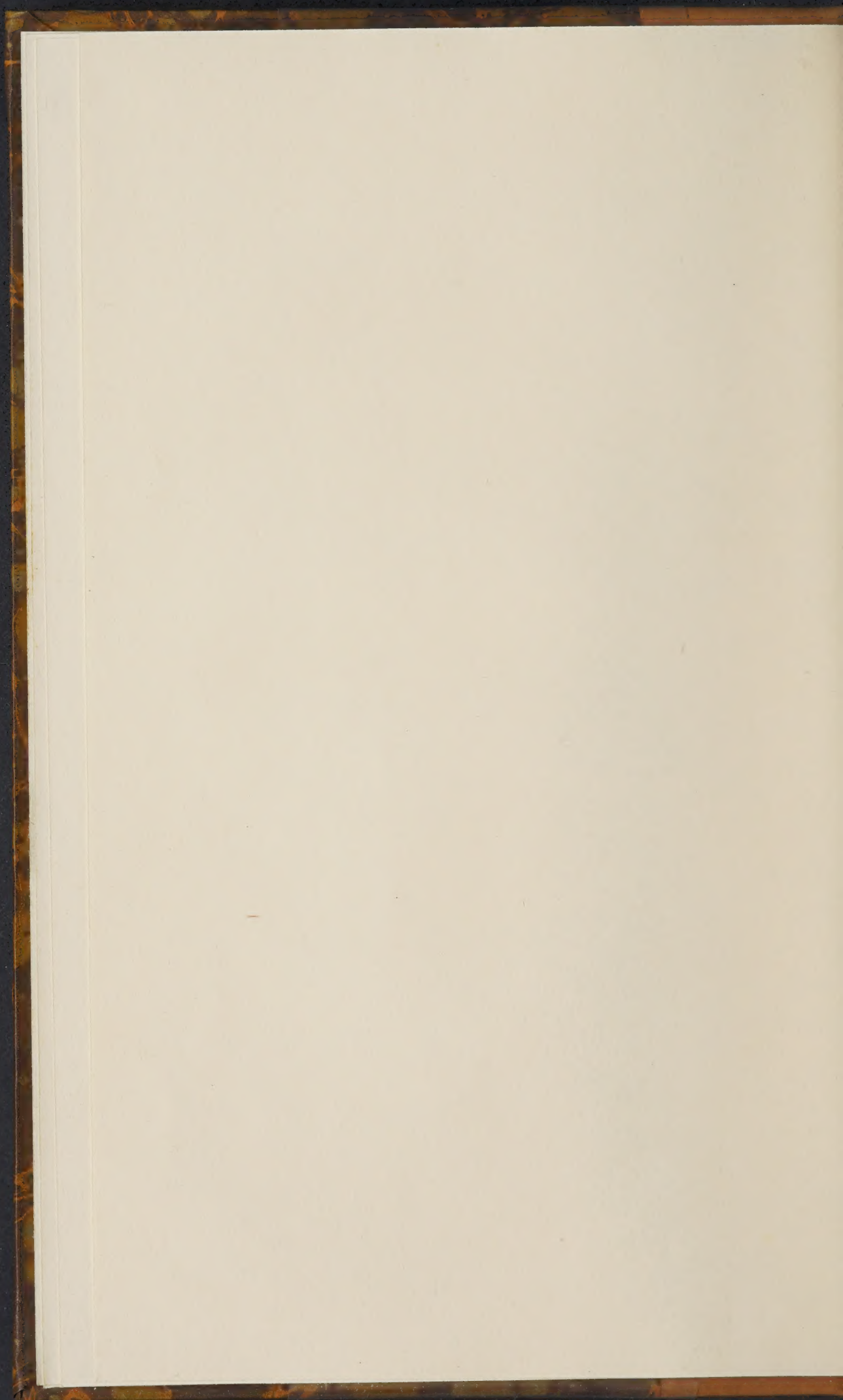
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Lord Byron's
FAREWELL
TO
ENGLAND



Spurious



LORD BYRON'S

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND,

&c. &c.

LORD BYRON'S

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

LORD BYRON'S

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

TO HIS DEPARTURE ON THE 10TH OF SEPTEMBER 1819

BY

JOHN KEATS

WITH A PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

LONDON

1819

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

IN GREAT BRITAIN

LORD BYRON'S
FAREWELL TO ENGLAND;

WITH

THREE OTHER POEMS,

VIZ.

ODE TO ST. HELENA,
TO MY DAUGHTER, ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH,
AND
TO THE LILY OF FRANCE.

" While now I take my last adieu,
" Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,
" Lest yet my tearful eye should view,
" An object that deserves my care."

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSTON, 98, CHEAPSIDE,
AND 335, OXFORD-STREET, AND SOLD BY
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1816.

LORD BYRON'S

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND;

WITH

THREE OTHER POEMS.

THE

ODE TO ST. HILARY,

TO MY DAUGHTER, ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH,

AND

TO THE LILY OF FRANGE.

"Wells now I take my last adieu,
"Hence thou art gone, my darling son,
"And I am left to weep and sigh,
"As I reflect that I have lost my own."

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

AND 22, CECIL STREET, AND 10, MARK LANE.

Hamblin and Seyfang, Printers, Garlick-Hill.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND !

I.

OH ! land of my fathers, and mine !
The noblest, the best, and the bravest—
Heart-broken and lorn, I resign
The joys and the hopes which thou gavest !

II.

Dear mother of Freedom ! farewell !
Even Freedom is irksome to me—
Be calm, throbbing heart, nor rebel—
For reason approves the decree.

III.

Did I love?—Be my witness, high Heaven!
That mark'd all my frailties and fears—
I ador'd—but the magic is riven—
Be the memory expung'd by my tears!

IV.

The moment of rapture how bright—
How dazzling—how transient its glare—
A comet in splendor and flight—
The herald of darkness and care—

V.

Recollections of tenderness gone,—
Of pleasure no more to return—
A wanderer—an outcast—alone—
Oh! leave me, untortur'd, to mourn.

VI.

Where—where shall my heart find repose?
A refuge from memory and grief;
The gangrene, wherever it goes,
Disdains a fictitious relief.

VII.

Could I trace out that fabulous stream,
Which washes remembrance away—
Again might the eye of hope gleam
The dawn of a happier day.

VIII.

Hath wine an oblivious power?—
Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?
The draught may beguile for an hour—
But still leaves behind it the pain.

IX.

Can distance or time heal the heart
That bleeds from its innermost pore?
Or intemperance lessen its smart—
Or a cerate apply to its sore?

X.

If I rush to the ultimate pole,
The form I adore will be there—
A phantom to torture my soul—
And mock at my bootless despair.

XI.

The zephyr of eve, as it flies,
Will whisper her voice in mine ear—
And, moist with her sorrows and sighs,
Demand for love's altar a tear.

XII.

And still in the dreams of the day—
And still in the visions of night—
Will fancy her beauties display—
Disordering—deceiving—the sight.

XIII.

Hence, vain fleeting images, hence !
Grim phantoms that 'wilder my brain—
Mere frauds upon reason and sense—
Engender'd by folly and pain !

XIV.

Did I swear on the altar of Heaven
My fealty to her I ador'd ?
Did she give back the vows I had giv'n—
And plight back the plight of her lord ?

XV.

If I err'd for a moment from love,
The error I flew to retrieve—
Kiss'd the heart I had wounded, and strove
To soothe, ere it ventur'd to grieve.

XVI.

Did I bend who had ne'er bent before ?
Did I sue, who was us'd to command ?
Love forc'd me to weep and implore—
And pride was too weak to withstand—

XVII.

Then why should one frailty, like mine,
Repented, and wash'd with my tears,
Erase those impressions divine,—
The faith and affection of years ?

XVIII.

Was it well, between anger and love,
That Pride the stern umpire should be—
And *that* heart should its flintiness prove
On none, till it prov'd it on me ?

XIX.

And, ah ! was it well, when I knelt,
Thy tenderness so to conceal,
That witnessing all which I felt,
Thy sternness forbad *thee* to feel ?

XX.

Then, when the dear pledge of our love
Look'd up to her mother and smil'd—
Say, was there no impulse that strove
To back the appeal of the child ?

XXI.

That bosom, so callous and chill—
So treacherous to love and to me—
Ah ! felt it no heart-rending thrill,
As it turn'd from the innocent's plea ?

XXII.

That ear which was open to all
Was ruthlessly clos'd to its lord—
Those accents which fiends would enthrall,
Refus'd a sweet peace-giving word.

XXIII.

And think'st thou, dear object—for still
To my bosom thou only art life,
And, spite of my pride and my will,
I bless thee—I woo thee—my wife—

XXIV.

Oh ! think'st thou that absence shall bring
The balm which will give thee relief—
Or time, on its life-wasting wing,
An antidote yield for thy grief?

XXV.

Thy hopes will be frail as the dream
Which cheats the long moments of night,
But melts in the glare of the beam
Which breaks from the portal of light.

XXVI.

For when on thy babe's smiling face,
Thy features and mine intertwin'd,
The finger of Fancy shall trace—
The spell shall resistlessly bind—

XXVII.

The dimple that dwells on her cheek—
The glances that beam from her eye—
The lisp as she struggles to speak—
Shall dash every smile with a sigh.

XXVIII.

Then I, tho' whole oceans between
Their billowy barriers may rear—
Shall triumph, tho' far and unseen—
Unconscious—uncall'd—shall be there.

XXIX.

The cruelty sprang not from thee,
'Twas foreign and foul to thy heart—
That levell'd its arrow at me,
And fix'd the incurable smart.

XXX.

Ah no! 'twas another than thine,
The hand which assail'd my repose—
It struck—and too fatally mine
The wound, and its offspring of woes.

XXXI.

They hated us both, who destroyed
The buds and the promise of Spring—
For who, to replenish the void,
New ties—new affections—can bring?

XXXII.

Alas! to the heart that is rent,
What nostrums can soundness restore?
Or what, to the bow over-bent,
The spring which it carried before?

XXXIII.

The rent heart will fester and bleed,
And fade like the leaf in the blast—
The crack'd yew no more will recede,
Tho' vig'rous and tough to the last.

XXXIV.

I wander—it matters not where—
No clime can restore me my peace—
Or snatch from the frown of despair,
A cheering—a fleeting release!

XXXV.

How slowly the moments will move !
How tedious the footsteps of years !
When valley and mountain and grove
Shall change but the scene of my tears !

XXXVI.

The classic memorials which nod —
The spot dear to science and lore —
Sarcophagus — temple — and sod —
Excite me and ravish no more !

XXXVII.

The stork on the perishing wall,
Is better and happier than I —
Content in his ivy-built hall,
He hangs out his home in the sky

XXXVIII.

But houseless and heartless, I rove
My bosom all bar'd to the wind —
The victim of pride, and of love —
I seek — but, ah ! where can I find ?

XXXIX.

I seek what no tribes can bestow—
I ask what no clime can impart—
A charm which can neutralize woe,
And dry up the tears of the heart.

XL.

I ask it—I seek it—in vain—
From Ind to the northernmost pole
Unheeded—unpitied—complain,
And pour out the grief of my soul,

XLI.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?
What tears shall respond when I weep?
To my wailings what wail shall reply?
What eye mark the vigils I keep?

XLII.

Ever thou—as thou learnest to prate—
Dear babe—while remotely I rove—
Shalt count it a duty—to *hate*
Where nature commands thee to *love!*

XLIII.

The foul tongue of malice shall peal
My vices—my faults—in thine ear—
And teach thee, with dæmon-like zeal,
A father's affection to fear.

XLIV.

And oh ! if in some distant day,
Thine ear may be struck with my lyre,
And nature's true index may say—
“ It may be—it must be—my sire ! ”—

XLV.

Perchance to thy prejudic'd eye,
Obnoxious my form may appear—
Even nature be deaf to my sigh—
And duty refuse me a tear.

XLVI.

Yet sure in this isle, where my songs
Have echoed from mountain and dell,
Some tongue the sad tale of my wrongs
With grateful emotion may tell.

XLVII.

Some youth, who had valued my lay,
And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran,
To thee, even, may venture to say—
“ His frailties were those of a man !”

XLVIII.

THEY WERE ;—they were human—but swell'd
By envy and malice and scorn—
Each feeling of nature rebell'd,
And hated the mask it had worn.

XLIX.

Tho' human the fault—how severe,
How harsh the stern sentence pronounc'd—
Ev'n pride dropp'd a niggardly tear,
My love as it grimly denounc'd !

L.

'Tis past !—the great struggle is o'er !
The war of my bosom subsides !
And passion's strong current no more
Impels its impetuous tides.

LI.

'Tis past ! my affections give way—
The ties of my nature are broke—
The summons of pride I obey,
And break love's degenerate yoke.

LII.

I fly, like a bird of the air,
In search of a home and a rest ;
A balm for the sickness of care—
A bliss for a bosom unblest.

LIII.

And swift as the swallow that floats—
And bold as the eagle that soars—
Yet dull as the owlet, whose notes
The dark fiend of midnight deplores !

LIV.

Where gleam the gay splendors of East,
The dance and the bountiful board,
I'll bear me to Luxury's feast,
To exile the form I ador'd.

LV.

In full brimming goblets, I'll quaff
The sweets of the Lethean spring,
And join in the Bacchanal's laugh—
And trip in the fairy-form'd ring!

LVI.

Where pleasure invites will I roam,
To drown the dull memory of care—
An exile from hope and from home—
A fugitive chas'd by despair.

LVII.

Farewell to thee, land of the brave!
Farewell to thee, land of my birth!
When tempests around thee shall rave,
Still - still—may they homage thy worth!

LVIII.

Wife—infant—and country—and friend—
Ye wizard my fancy no more—
I fly from your solace, and wend
To weep on some kindlier shore.

LIX.

The grim-visag'd fiend of the storm
That raves in this agoniz'd breast—
Still raises his pestilent form—
Till Death calm the tumult to rest.

ODE
TO
THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.



I.

PEACE to thee, isle of the ocean!
Hail to thy breezes and billows!
Where, rolling its tides, in perpetual devotion,
The white wave its plummy surf pillows!
Rich shall the chaplet be history shall weave thee!
Whose undying verdure shall bloom on thy brow,
When nations that now in obscurity leave thee,
To the wand of oblivion alternately bow!
Unchang'd in thy glory—unstain'd in thy fame—
The homage of ages shall hallow thy name!

II.

Hail to the chief who reposes
On thee the rich weight of his glory !
When fill'd to its limit, life's chronicle closes,
His deeds shall be sacred in story !
His prowess shall rank with the first of all ages,
And monarchs hereafter shall bow to his worth—
The songs of the poets—the lessons of sages,—
Shall hold him the wonder and grace of the earth.
The meteors of history before thee shall fall—
Eclips'd by thy splendor—thou meteor of Gaul !

III.

Hygeian breezes shall fan thee—
Island of glory resplendent !
Pilgrims from nations far distant shall man thee—
Tribes, as thy waves, independent !
On thy far gleaming strand the wanderer shall stay him
To snatch a brief glance at a spot so renown'd—
Each turf and each stone, and each cliff shall delay him,
Where the step of thy exile hath hallow'd thy ground !
From him shalt thou borrow a lustre divine—
The wane of his sun was the rising of thine !

IV.

Whose were the hands that enslav'd him?
Hands which had weakly withstood him—
Nations which while they had oftentimes brav'd him,
Never till now had subdued him!
Monarchs—who oft to his clemency stooping,
Receiv'd back their crowns from the plunder of war—
The vanquisher vanquish'd—the eagle now drooping—
Would quench with their sternness the ray of his star!
But cloth'd in new splendor the glory appears—
And rules the ascendant—the planet of years.

V.

Pure be the health of thy mountains!
Rich be the green of thy pastures!
Limpid and lasting the streams of thy fountains!
Thine annals unstain'd by disasters!
Supreme in the ocean a rich altar swelling
Whose shrine shall be hail'd by the prayers of mankind—
Thy rock beach the rage of the tempest repelling—
The wide-wasting contest of wave and of wind—
Aloft on thy battlements long be unfurl'd
The eagle that decks thee—the pride of the world!

Fade shall the lily, now blooming—
Where is the hand which can nurse it ?
Nations who rear'd it shall watch its consuming—
Untimely mildews shall curse it.
Then shall the violet that blooms in the vallies
Impart to the gale its reviving perfume—
Then when the spirit of Liberty rallies
To chaunt forth its anthems on Tyranny's tomb,
Wide Europe shall fear lest thy star should break forth,
Eclipsing the pestilent orbs of the north !

TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH.



I

HAIL—to this teeming stage of strife—
Hail, lovely miniature of life !
Pilgrim of many cares untold !
Lamb of the world's extended fold !
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears !
Sweet promise of extatic years !
How could I fainly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee !

II.

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confess'd,
Far as the life which warms the breast ;—
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

III.

Dear babe ! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears—
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak—
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could wake thine untun'd ear,
And gust it with a father's pray'r.

IV.

But little reck'st thou, oh my child !
Of travail on life's thorny wild !
Of all the dangers—all the woes
Each tottering footstep which inclose—
Ah, little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind !

V.

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born—
Of clouds which gather round thy morn—
Of acts to lure thy soul astray—
Of snares that intersect thy way—
Of secret foes—of friends untrue—
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reckon more !

VI.

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep—
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep—
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd—
Beguil'd by follies, every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away —
And thou may'st wake perchance, to prove,
The pang of unrequited love.

VII.

Unconscious babe ! tho' on that brow
No half-fledg'd misery nestles now —
Scarce round those placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

VIII.

Oh! could a father's pray'r repel
The eye's sad grief—the bosom's swell!
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care—
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill,
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

IX.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief—
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew that cheek—
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes—
That breast be agoniz'd with sighs—
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care—ah! much too soon!

X.

Soon wilt thou reckon of cares unknown—
Of wants and sorrows all their own—
Of many a pang, and many a woe,
That thy dear sex alone can know—
Of many an ill—untold—unsung—
That will not—may not find a tongue—
But kept conceal'd, without controul,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul!

XI.

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest—
May joy still animate thy breast!
Still, 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich inspiring rays!
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret pray'r—
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

XII.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life !
Hail, to this teeming stage of strife !
Pilgrim of many cares untold !
Lamb of the world's extended fold !
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears !
Sweet promise of extatic years !
How could I fainly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee !

TO THE

LILY OF FRANCE.

I.

ERE thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,
False emblem of innocence, stay—
And yield as thou fad'st, for the use of mankind,
The lesson that marks thy decay.

II.

Thou wert fair as the beam of the morn—
And rich as the pride of the mine:—
Thy charms are all faded, and hatred and scorn—
The curses of freedom, are thine.

III.

Thou wert gay in the smiles of the world—
Thy shadow protection and power—
But now thy bright blossom is shrivell'd and curl'd—
The grace of thy country no more.

IV.

For corruption hath fed on thy leaf—
And bigotry weaken'd thy stem—
Now those who have fear'd thee, shall smile at thy grief,
And those who ador'd thee condemn.

V.

The valley that gave thee thy birth
Shall weep for the hope of its soil—
The legions, that fought for thy beauty and worth,
Shall hasten to share in thy spoil.

VI.

As a bye-word, thy blossom shall be
A mock and a jest among men—
The proverb of slaves, and the sneer of the free,
In city, and mountain, and glen.

VII.

Oh! 'twas tyranny's pestilent gale
That scatter'd thy buds on the ground—
That threw the blood-stain on thy virgin-white veil—
And pierc'd thee with many a wound !

VIII.

Then thy puny leaf shook to the wind—
Thy stem gave its strength to the blast,—
Thy full bursting blossom its promise resign'd,
And fell to the storm as it pass'd.

IX.

For no patriot vigour was there—
No arm to support the weak flow'r,
Destruction pursued its dark herald — Despair—
And wither'd its grace in an hour.

X.

Yet there were who pretended to grieve—
There were who pretended to save—
Mere shallow empyrics who came to deceive—
To revel and sport on its grave—

XI.

O thou land of the lily, in vain
Thou strugglest to raise its pale head !
The faded bud never shall blossom again—
The violet will bloom in its stead !

XII.

As thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind—
False emblem of innocence, stay—
And yield, as thou fad'st, for the use of mankind,
This lesson to mark thy decay !

THE END.

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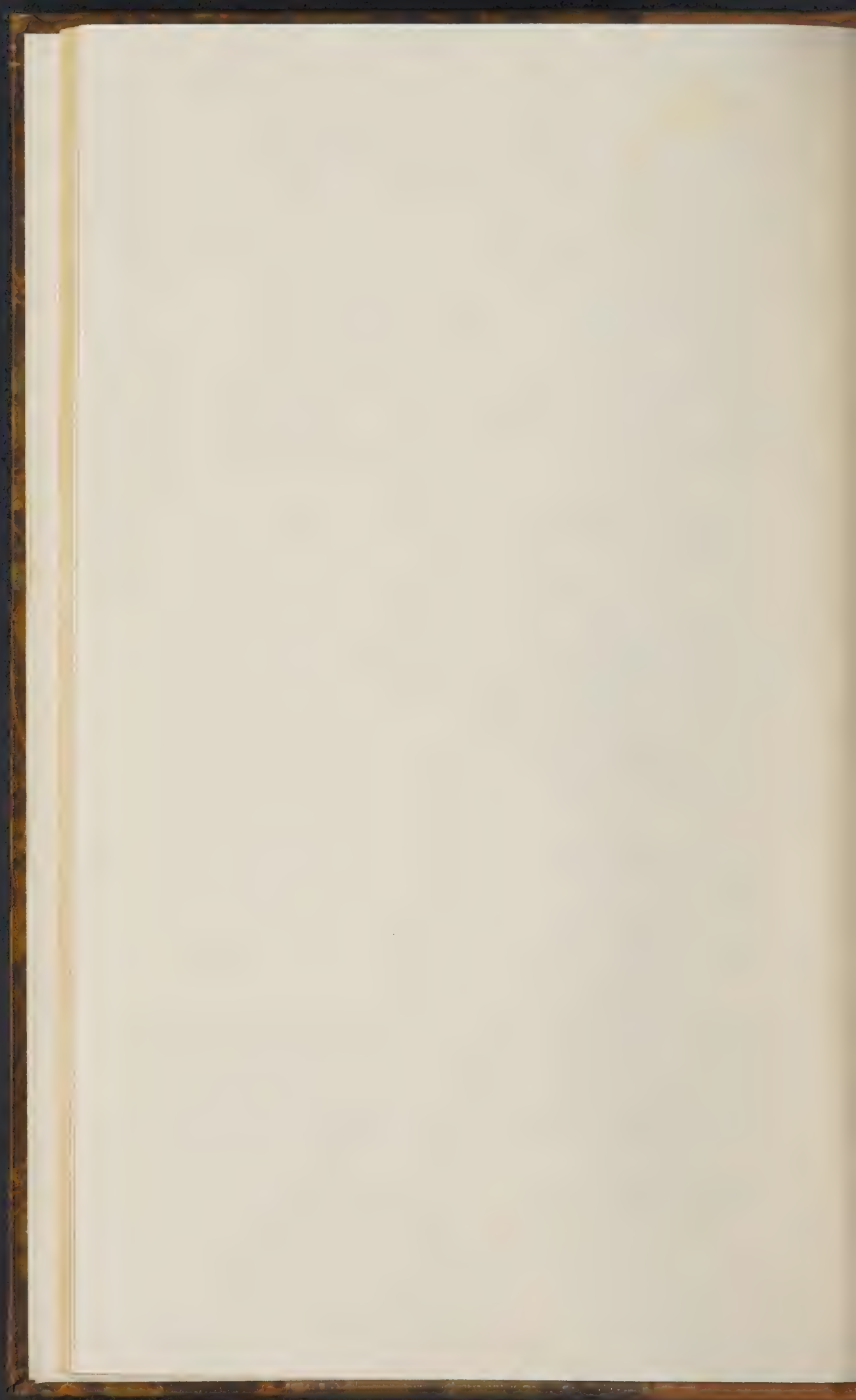
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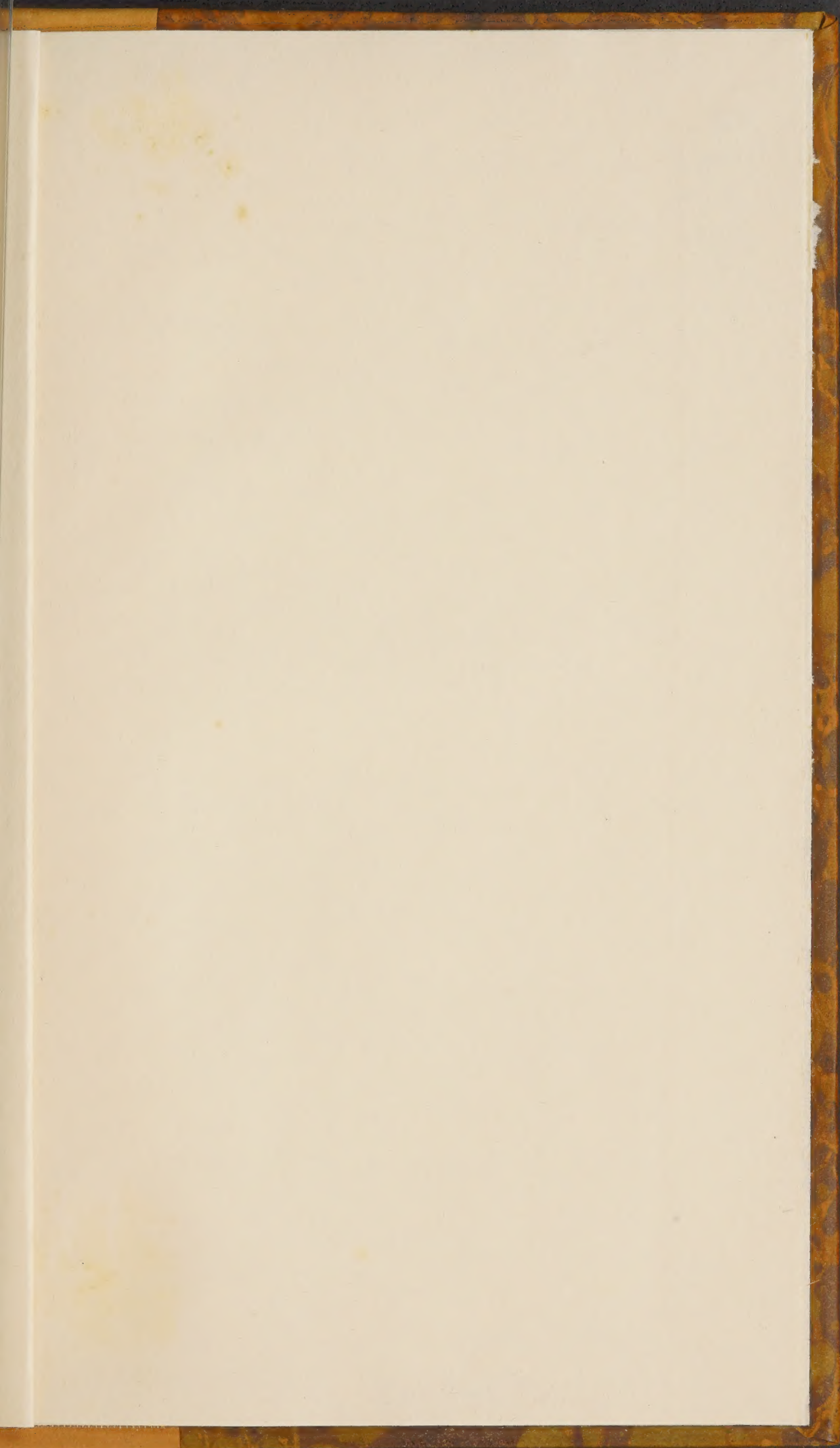
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